THACKERAY'S LECTURES ON THE GEORGES. I

GEORGE THE SECOND.

[Continued from the lest issue of THE EVENING On the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The toremost, cased in the jack-boots of the period, was a broad-taced, joily-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but, by the manner in which ne urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as a skilfel rider. Indeed, no man loved soort better; and, in the hunting-fields of Norfolk, no squire rode more boidly after the fox, or cheered Ring wood and Sweetips more lastify than he who thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the manson. The mistress of the bouse and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, ho wever pressing the

introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner—he always slept after his dinner— and wee be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jack-boots put the affrigoted ladies aside, opened the for-bidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman, and here the eager messenger knell down in his jack-boots. He on the bed started up, and with many ouths

and a strong German accent asked, "Who was there, and who dared to disturb him?" "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper bated S.r Robert Wal-pole. "I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your roya! father, King George I, died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, inc 10th

"Dat is one big tie!" roared out his sacred majesty Kinc George II; but Sir Robert Wal-pole stated the fact, and from that day until three-and-thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England,

How the king made away with his father's will under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury; how he was a choleric little sovereign; how he shook his fist in the face of his father's courtiers; how he kicked his coat and wig about in his rages, and called every body thief, har, rascal, with whom he differed, you will read in all the history books; and how he speedily and shrewdly reconciled himself with the bold minister whom he had hated during his lather's life, and by whom he was served during fifteen years of his own with admirable prudence, fidelity, and success. But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate ove of peace, we should have had wars which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humored resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us; we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed, until that corrupter of Parliaments, that dissolute, tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and statesman governed it. In religion he was little better than a heathen; cracked ribald jokes at bigwigs and bishops, and laughed at High-Church and Low. In pri-vate life the old pagan revelled in the lowest pleasures; he passed his Sundays tippling at Richmond, and his holidays bawling after dogs, or boozing at Houghton with boors over beef and punch. He cared for letters no more than his master did; he judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to have to own that he was right, and that men could be corrupted by means so base. But, with his hireling House of Commons, he defended liberty for us; with his incredulity he kept Churcheraft down. There were parsons at Oxford as double-dealing and dangerous as any priests out of Rome, and he routed them both. He gave Englishmen no conquests, but he gave them peace, and ease, and lreedom; the three per cents, nearly at par, and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a

quarter.
It was lucky for us that our first Georges were not more high minded men; especially forunate that they loved Hanover so much as to leave England to have her own way. Our chief trodbles began when we got a king who gloried in the name of Briton, and, being born in the country, proposed to rule it. He was no more fit to govern England than his grandfather and great-grandfather, who did not try. It was righting itself during their occupation. The dangerous, noble old spirit of cavalier loyalty was dying out; the stately old English High-Church was emptying itself; the questions dropping, which, on one side and the other—the side of loyalty, prerogative, church, and king; the side of right, truth, civil and religious freedom —had set generations of brave men in arms. By the time when George III came to the throne, the combat between loyalty and liberty was come to an end; and Charles Edward, old, tipsy, and childless, was dying in Italy.

Those who are curious about European court history of the last age know the memoirs of the

Margravine of Bayreuth, and what a court was that of Berlin, where George II's consins ruled sovereign. Frederick the Great's father knocked down his sons, daughters, officers of state; he kidnapped big men all over Europe to make granadiers of; his feasts, his parades, his wine parties, his tobacco parties, are all described Jonathan Wild the Great, in language, pleasures and behavior, is scarcely more delicate thau this German sovereign. Louis XV—his life, and reign, and doings—are told in a thousand French memoirs. Our George II, at least, was not a worse king than his neighbors. He claimed and took the royal exemption from doing right which sovereigns assumed. A dull little man of low tastes he appears to us in England; yet Hervey tells us that this choleric prince was a great sentimentalist, and that his letters, of which he wrote prodigious quantities, were quite dangerous in their powers of fascination. He kept his sentimentalities for his Germans and his queen. With us English he never chose to be familiar. He has been accused of avarice, yet he did not give much money, and did not leave much behind him. He did not love the fine arts, but he did not pretend to love them. He was no more a hypocrite about rengion than his father. He judged men by a low standard; yet, with such men as were near him, was he wrong in ludring judged men by a low standard; yet, with such men as were near him, was he wrong in judging as he did? He readily detected lying and flattery, and liars and flatterers were perforce his companions. Had he been more of a dupe, he might have been more amiable. A dismal experience made him cynical. No boon was it to him to be clear-sighted, and see only solushness and flattery round about him. What could Walpole tell him about his Lords and Commons but that they were all year? Did not his cleary. but that they were all venal? Did not his ctergy, his courtiers, bring him the same story? Dealing with men and women in his rude, skeptical way, he comes to doubt about honor, male and female, about patriotism, about religion. "He is wild, but he fights like a man," George I, the taciturn, said of his son and successor. Courage George II certainly had. The electoral prince, at the head of his father's contingent, had approved himself a good and brave soldier under Eugene and Mariborough. At Oudenarde he specially distinguished himself. At Malplaquet the other claimant to the Eugene had been added to the context of the Eugene and Mariborough. the other claimant to the English throne won the other claimant to the English throne won but little honor. There was always a question about James' courage. Neither then in Flanders, nor afterwards in his own ancient kingdom of Scot and, did the luckiess Pretender show much resolution. But dapper little George had a famous tough spirit of his own, and fought like a Trojan. He called out his brother of Prussia with sword and pistol; and I wish, for the interest of romancers in general, that that Prussia with sword and pistol; and I wish, for the interest of romancers in general, that that famous duel could have taken place. The two sovereigns hated each other with all their might; their seconds were appointed; the place of meeting was settled; and the duel was only prevented by strong representations made to the two of the European laughter which would have been caused by such a transaction.

Whenever we hear of dapper George at war, it is certain that he demeaned himself like a little man of valor. At Dettingen his horse ran away with him, and with difficulty was stopped from carrying him into the enemy's lines. The king, dismounting from the flery quadruped,

king, dismounting from the flery quadruped, said, bravely, "Now I know I shall not run away;" and placed himself at the head of the foot, drew his sword, brandishing it at the whole French army, and calling out to his own men to

come on, in had English, but with the most famous pluck and spirit. In '45, when the Pre-tender was at Derby, and many people began to tender was at Derby, and many people began to look pale, the king never lest his courage—out he. "Poon! don't talk to me that stuff!" he said, like a gallant little prince as he was, and never for one moment allowed his equalimity, of his business, or his pleasures, or his travels to be disturbed. On public festivals he atways appeared in the hat and coat he wore on the lamous day of Oudenarde; and the people laughed, but kindly, at the old old garment, for bravery never goes out of lashion.

In private life the prince howed himself a worthy descendant of his father. In this respect, so much has been said about the first George's manners that we need not enter into a description of the son's German harem. In 1705 be married a princess remarkable for beauty,

be married a princess remarkable for beauty, for eleverness, for learning, for good temper—one of the truest and fondest wives ever prince was blessed with, and who loved bim and was faithful to him and he is his constitution. faithful to him, and he, in his coarse fashion, loved her to the last. It must be told to the honor of Caroline of Anspach, that, at the time when German princes thought no more of chang-ing their religion than you of altering your cap, she refused to give up Protestantism for the other creed, although an archduke, afterwards to be an emperor, was offered to her for a bridegroom. Her Protestant relations in Berlin were angry at her rebellious spirit; it was they who tried to convert her (it is droll to think that Frederick the Great, who had no religion at all, was known for a long time in England as the Protestant hero), and these good Protestants set upon Caroline a certain Father Drban, a very skilful Jesuit and famous winner of souls. But she routed the Jesuit, and she refused Charles VI, and she married the little Electoral Prince of Hanover, whom she tended with love and with every manner of sacrifice, with artful kindness, with tender flattery, with entire self-devotion, thenceforward until her life's end. When George I made his first visit to Hanover,

his son was appointed regent during the royal absence. But this honor was never again couferred on the Prince of Wates; he and his father feil out presently. On the occasion of the christening of his second son, a royal row took place, and the prince, shaking his fist in the Duke of Newcastle's face, called him a rogue, and provoked his august father. He and his wife were turned out of St. James', and their princely children taken from them, by order of the royal head of the family. Father and the royal head of the tamily. Father and mother wept pitcously at parting from their little ones. The young ones sent some cherries, with their love, to papa and mamma; the parents watered the fruit with tears. They had no tears thirty five years afterwards, when Prince Frederick died, their cldest son—their neu—

The king called his daughter-in-law "cette diablesse madame la princesse." The frequenters of the latter's court were forbidden to appear at the king's: their royal highneses going to Bath, we read how the courtiers followed them thitner, and paid that homage in Somersetshire which was ferbidden in London. That phrase of "cette diablesse madame ta princesse" explains one cause of the wrath of her royal papa. She was a very clever woman; she had a keen sense of humor; she had a dreadful tongue; she turned into ridicule the antiquated sultan and his hideous barem. She wrote savage letters about him home to members of her lamily. So, driven out from the royal presence, the prince and princess set up for themselves in Leicester Fields, "where," says Walpole, "the most pro-mising of the young gentlemen of the next party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court." Besides Leicester House, they had their lodge at Rich-mond, frequented by some of the pleasantest company of those days. There were the Herveys, and Chesterfield, and little Mr. Pope from Twickenham, and with him sometimes the sayage Dean of St. Patrick's, and quite a beyy of young ladies, whose pretty taces smile on us out of history. There was Lepell, famous in ballad song; and the saucy, charming Mary Bellenden, who would have none of the Prince of Wales' fine compliments, who folded her of Wales' fine compliments, who folded her arms across her breast, and bade H. R. H. keep off; and knocked his purse of guineas into his face, and told him she was tired of seeing him count them. He was not an august monarch, this Augustus. Walpole tells how, one night at the royal card-table, the playful princesses pulled a chair away from under Lady Deloraine, who, in revenge, pulled the king's from under him, so that his majesty fell on the carpet. In whatever posture one sees this royal George, he is Indicrous somehow; even at Dettingen, where he fought so bravely, his figure is absurd—call-ing out in his broken English, and lunging with his rapier like a fencing-master. In cotempo-rary caricatures, George's son, "the Hero of Culloden," is also made an object of considera-

I refrain to quote from Walpole regarding George, for those charming volumes are in the hands of all who love the gossip of the last century. Nothing can be more cheery than Horace's letters. Fiddles sing all through them; wax-lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages glitter and sparkle there. Never was such a brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair as that through which he leads us. Hervey, the next great authority, is a darker spirit. About him there is something frightful; a few years since his heirs opened frightful; a few years since his heirs opened the lid of the Ickworth box; it was as if a Pompeli was orened to us—the last century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria. Wandering through that city of the dead, that dread-fully selish time, through those godiess intrigues and feasts, through those crowds, pushtrigues and leasts, through those crowds, pushing and eager and struggling—rouged and lying and fawning—I have wanted some one to be friends with. I have said to triends conversant with that history. "Show me some good person about that Court; find me, among those selfish courtiers, those dissolute, gay people, some one being that I can love and regard." There is that strutting little sultan, George II; there is that hunchbacked, beetle-browed Lard Chesterfield; there is John Hervey, with his deadly smile, and ghastly, painted face—I bute deadly smile, and ghastly, painted face—I hate them! There is Hondley, cringing from one bishopric to another; yonder comes little Mr. Pope, from Twickenham, with his friend the Irish dean, in his new cassock, bowing too, but with rage fiashing from under his bushy eve-brows, and scorn and hate quivering in his smile. Can you be fond of these? Of Pope I might; at least I might love his genius, his wit, his greatness, his sensibility, with a cer-tain conviction that at some fancied slight, some sneer which he imagined, he would turn upon me and stab me. Can you trust the Queen? She is not of our order; their very position makes kings and queens lonely. One position makes kings and queens lonely. One inscrutable attachment that inscrutable woman has. To that she is taithful, through all trial, neglect, pain, and time. Save ber husband, she really cares for no created being. She is good enough to her children, and even fond enough of them; but she would chop them all up into little pieces to please bim. In her intercourse with all around her she was perfectly kind, gracious, and natural; but friends may die, daughters was depart to be will be as perfectly. daughters may depart, she will be as perfectly kind and gracious to the next set. If the King wants her, she will smile upon him, be she ever kind and gracious to the next set. If the King wants her, she will smile upon him, be she ever so sad; and walk with him, be she ever so wary; and laugh at his brutal jokes, be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? What was there in those wonderful letters of thirty pages long which he wrote to her when he was absent, and to his mistresses at Hanover when he was in London with his wife? Why did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, take a little red-faced staring priceing for a husband, and refuse an emperor? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? She killed herself because she loved him so. She bad the gout, and would plunge her feet in cold water in order to walk with writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wouderful history of that and the reply the old King blubbered out, "Non, non: Jaurai des mattresses?" There astonishing scene—I stand by that awful bedide, wordering at the ways in which God has ordsined the lives, loves, rewards, successes, passioos, actions, ends of His creatures—and

osn't but lauch, in the pressure of death, and whit the saddest hear. In can't but laugh, in the presence of death, and with the saddest hear'. In the often-quo ed passage from Lord Hervey, in which the queath death-bed is described, the protesque horror of the details surpasses all satire; the dreadful humer of the scene is more terrible than Swit's blackest pages, or Fielding's flercest from. The man who wrote the store had something diabolical about him; the terrible verses which Pope wrote respecting Hervey, in one of his own moods of almost flendish malignity, I fear are true. I am frightened as I look back into the past, and fancy I behold that ghastly, beastiful face; as I think of the queen writhing on her deab-bed, and crying out "Pray! pray!"—of the royal old sinner by her side, who kisses her dead lips with frantic grief, and leaves her to sin nore; of the bevy of courtly clargymen, and the archbishop, whose prayers she rejects, and the archbishop, whose prayers she rejects, and the archbishop, whose prayers she rejects, and who are obliged, for propriety's sake, to shuffle off the anxious inquiries of the public, and vow that her majesty quitted this life "in heavenly frame of mind." What a hife! to what onds devoted! What a vanity of vanities! It is a theme for another pulpit than the lecturer's. For a pulpit? I think the part which pulpits play in the deaths of kings is the most ghasily of all the ceremonial: the lying sulogies, the blinking of disagreeable truths, the sickening flatteries, the simulated grief, the falsehoods and syco-phancies, all uttered in the name of heaven in our state churches-these monstrous threnodies have been sung from time immemorial over kings and queens, good, bad, wicked, licentious. The state parson must bring out his common-places—his apparatus of rhetorical black nangings. Dead king or live king, the clergyman must flatter him—announce his piety while living, and when dead perform the obsequies of "our most religious and gracious king," [To be continued in our next issue,]

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Estate of WILLIAM DENNEY, deceased. Estate of WILLIAM DENNEY, deceased.

The Auditor appointed by the Court to audit, settle, and adjust the second and final account of JOHN McARTHUR, Jr., Executor of the last Will and Testament of WILLIAM DENNEY, deceased, and to report distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment, on FRIDAY, July 26, 1807, at 12 o'clock M., at his office, No. 433 WALNUT Street, in the City of Philadelphia.

7.16 tuths 51* THOMAS J. WORRELL, Auditor.

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The Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia.

Loan of March 30, 1830, due March 4, 1858. February 16, 1833, due July 1, 1858.

March 27, 1833, due July 1, 1858.

January 26, 1839, due July 1, 1859, June 7, 1839, due August 1, 1859.

March 50, 1832, due July 1, 1860, April 5, 1832, due July 1, 1860.

Also, all BANK CHARTER LOANS due prior to July 2, 1860. All of the above LOANS will cease to draw

interest after August 15, 1867. JOHN W. GEARY,

> JOHN F. HARTRANFT, AUDITOR-GENERAL

GOVERNOR.

WILLIAM H. KEMBLE, 6 15 stuth t8 15 STATE TREASURER.

HARRISBURG, JUNE 29, 1867.

TO THE HOLDERS

LO ANS

OF THE

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

DUE JULY 1, 1868.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE SINKING FUND WILL RECEIVE PROPOSALS UNTIL SEPTEMBER 3, 1867, FOR THE REDEMP-

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS OF THE

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Holders will address their proposals to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and endorsed "PROPO-SALS FOR THE REDEMPTION OF LOANS OF 1868."

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